to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine: come and be hangd, haſt no fayth in thee:

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads-hill. Good-morrow *Carriers*, What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lantherne, to ſee my Gelding in the Stable.

1. Car. Nay by God ſoft; I know a tricke worth two of that I fayth.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. Car. I, when, canſt tell? Lend me thy Lanterne (quoth he) Marry Ile ſee thee hanged firſt.

Gad. Sirra *Carrier*, What time doe you meane to come to *London?*

2. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Muges*, weele call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine. *Exeunt.*

Gad. What ho, *Chamberlaine.*

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purſe.

Gad. Thats euen as faire, as at hand quoth the *Chamberlaine*, for thou varieſt no more from picking of Purſes, then giuing direction doth from laboring: thou layeſt the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow Maſter *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yeſter night, theres a *Franklin* in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what; they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter: they will away preſently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint *Nicholas Clarkes*, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I pray thee keepe that for the Hangman, for I know thou worſhipeſt Saint *Nicholas*, as truly as a man of falſehood may.

Gad. What talkeſt thou to me of the Hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of Gallowes: for if I hang, old *Sir Iohn* hangs with me, & thou knowes he is no ſtarueling; tut, there are other

Troians

Troians that thou dream'ſt not of, the which for ſport ſake a content to do the profeſsion ſome grace, that would (if matte ſhould be lookt into) for their owne credit ſake, make al whol I am ioyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-ſtaffe ſixpenn ſtrikers, none of theſe madde muſtachio purple hewd mal worms, but with nobility, and tranquility, Burgomaſters an great Oneyers, ſuch as can hold in ſuch as wil ſtrike ſooner th ſpeake, & ſpeak ſooner then drinke, & drinke ſooner thē pray and yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their ſai the Comon-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on he for they ride vp & downe on her, and make her their Bootes.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their Bootes? will ſhe hold out Water in foule way?

Gad She will, ſhe will, Iuſtice hath liquord her: we ſteale a in a Caſtle, cock ſure; we haue the receit of Fern-ſeed, we walk inuiſible.

Cham. Nay, by my fayth, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Fern-ſeed, for your walking inuiſible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou ſhalt haue a ſhare in our pur chaſe, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a falſe theefe.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a cōmon name to all men: bid the Oſtle bring my Gelding out of the ſtable; farewell ye muddy knaue

Enter Prince, Poines, and Peto, &c.

Poins. Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I haue remooued *Falſtalffe* Horſe, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

Prince Stand cloſe. *Enter Falſtalffe.*

Falſ. *Poins, Poins*, and be hangd *Poins.*

Prince. Peace ye fat-kidneyd raſcall, what a brawling doſt thou keepe?

Falſ. What *Poines, Hal?*

Prin. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go ſeeke him.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that theeues company, the raſcal hath remoued my Horſe, and tyed him I know not where, if I traual but foure foote by the ſquire further a foote, I ſhal break my winde: Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for al this, if I ſcape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forſworne his company hourely any time this 22. yeare, and yet I am be-

witch